

## Eleven, Mike and the flu by Loti-miko

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**Summary:** She quickly put the blindfold over her eyes, her surroundings going dark, and in an instant she was at Mike's. He had his eyes closed; his cheeks flushed bright pink, a color quite distinguishable even in the darkness of The Void. Sick!Mike, Nurse! Eleven (kinda? not really) and a lot of Mileven fluff.

## Eleven, Mike and the flu

Ok, who else is obsessed with Stranger Things? I KNOW I AM. And I needed to write some Mileven fluff because the feels are too strong, man.

Now, my first language isn't english, but I tried my best to write a decent fanfic! Still, if you find any mistakes (And I'm sure you will!) please let me know so I can fix them! Thank you and I hope you enjoy!

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It all started when a chill ran down her spine. It wasn't an uncomfortable sensation, but it wasn't a pleasant one either, and El didn't think much of it as she slowly ate her breakfast.

It was day 281 since she had fought the Demogorgon and returned from the Upside Down. 281 days of being hidden from the world, the bad men, her friends... and Mike. She knew she had to consider herself a lucky girl, not only did she have a roof to live under, a warm bed and food available to her whenever she was hungry, she also had a great caregiver. Sure, Hopper was a rough guy, not really open when it came to feelings, but he understood her just fine and tried his best to make her feel comfortable while they both waited for the world to be safe enough for her to live in, it was more than she could've asked for a year ago, and yet it really wasn't enough, not anymore. It didn't really help that the cabin was starting to feel too small with each passing day, too dark sometimes. Not being able to go out was starting to take a toll on her, and no amount of TV shows or fantasy books could make her forget her desire to burst out the door and go looking for her friends.

A sigh escaped her lips, her milk and eggos forgotten in front of her.

"Is everything alright?" Sure enough the Chief had caught on her change of behavior. He was reading the newspaper, with a warm cup of coffee in his hand. He didn't look up to see her, too focused on printed words in front of him, but El knew better. He was waiting for her answer.

Was everything alright? Not really. But certainly nothing was different either. She chewed on her lower lip, trying to find the right word to describe the sudden nagging sensation on the back of her skull. A few seconds passed before she spoke again. "Just restless" She declared while getting up to clean her plate.

A chuckle left Hopper's lips, and for a moment El wondered if she had used the wrong word, but before she tried to correct her mistake Hopper had already moved to her side, empty dish in hand. "Restless, uh?" He said, giving her a funny look, "That's quite the fancy word you have right there, someone's been practicing her vocabulary." It was a compliment, and Eleven couldn't help but smile a little, she *had* been trying to improve her speech after all. It wasn't enough to distract her from her current predicament, though, and Hopper knew this.

"You know," He began saying, walking to the door to get his jacket and hat from the hanger, a mischievous glint in his eyes "I've been thinking that you're ready for the big leagues. How about I go down to the video shop and get us Jaws?" He raised his eyebrows in a playful manner, and if it had been any other day, Eleven would've smiled back in shock, maybe she would've jumped up and down in excitement or nod vigorously. She'd make her Triple Decker Eggo Extravaganza, the perfect snack for movie night. But not even the scariest film of the decade, as Hopper had told her Jaws was, could help forget her anxiety. She didn't want to be rude, so she managed to fake some enthusiasm, and it didn't take long for the Chief to see right through it.

"I know it's difficult" He apologized as he closed the gap between them. And he meant it. It really wasn't fair to keep her hidden from anyone, even if it was to keep her safe. She was just a kid, a girl who deserved her freedom more than anyone in the world. Heck, he wouldn't know what he'd do with himself if he had to spend his days inside a cabin, 24/7. "You just have to wait a little longer. I promise, as soon as I get the green light, you're going to see everyone again. I'll make sure of it."

She didn't answer; she had heard the same words over a hundred times before. They used to bring her comfort, and she still appreciated them, but she knew better, she had to take them... with a

grain of salt, as she had heard in the TV once. *Soon* seemed to be a relative concept.

"Hey, look at me," Said Hopper, as if he had been able to read her mind. "It is a promise."

The girl smiled, a little bit more sincerely this time, and watched as he closed the door behind him. Without Hopper, the cabin always felt smaller.

She contemplated going into The Void. She wanted to see Mike. She really, really wanted to see him, but it was only 9 am. He probably was in school, bored out of his mind, as he would often tell her he was, through his radio thingy. Besides, there was really no point in visiting him when he'd be staring at the green board, she'd rather save her energy for later that night, when he would go inside their fort and tell her all about his day. It was difficult, seeing him daily and not letting him know she was listening, Hopper had told her once that she was only hurting herself by checking on him every night, but he didn't understand that it was the only thing that kept her sane for most of the year.

Trying to shake the feeling of uneasiness from her body, Elven quickly made her way to her bedroom. She needed to occupy herself with anything that could improve her mood, something that would distract her until 8 pm, when Mike usually made his calls.

So she quickly changed her clothes into something more comfortable and began organizing her room. She didn't have many possessions yet, but she liked to change her furniture once in a while. Her books, her coloring pencils and her various drawings found their way to her bed, and soon enough her attention went to her dictionary, looking for her word of the day. After that she found herself slipping back into her daily routine easily enough. She watched TV, the morning cartoons always making her laugh, bit her lower lip. She ate the "dessert only" ice-cream that Hopper would hide all the way back inside the freezer, scratched the back of her head. She began putting pins on the globe that decorated their living room, always marking the places she wanted to visit once she was allowed to go out, breathed deeply through her nose. Played with her hair in front of the mirror, trying to make her curls fall into place, bounced her leg up

and down.

By the time the sun had gone down, Eleven was too focused reading one of the new books Hopper had brought her, to notice the secret knock that informed her that the Chief was home. She only glanced up when the door was opened by the man, and she quickly got up, brows furrowed. "It's only me" Said Hopper, but El didn't seem to hear him. "You're early" She stated, and watched in confusion as Hopper put his stuff on the table.

"Uh, I'm actually late," Said the Chief, "Thought I'd get a hearing from you for not letting you know." He had the Jaws tape in his hands, but Eleven was too busy trying to read the clock that hung from the wall. She was surprised to find that he was right. It was past 10 pm.

But it couldn't be. Mike hadn't called. He never missed a call. Never, not in the 281 days they had been apart. She hadn't felt the pleasant tingling at the tip of her fingers, the signal that he was trying to reach her.

She looked at the TV, then back at Hopper. The anxiety that had been bothering the entire day building up to that moment, and maybe it could be seen clearly through her eyes, because the Chief simply smiled at her. "Go ahead" He said, nodding his head towards the TV, and Eleven didn't need to be told twice.

She quickly put the blindfold over her eyes, her surroundings going dark. The familiar rush of energy engulfed her as she conjured a mental image of her friend, and in an instant she was at Mike's. And it immediately did the trick. The tightness in her chest dissolved into nothing, the fidgeting stopped. Instead of their fort, however, was a bed. She quickened her pace and soon found herself by Mike's side.

He had his eyes closed; his cheeks flushed bright pink, a color quite distinguishable even in the darkness of The Void. She didn't really had time to process his condition, because another figure appeared behind her. Eleven moved around her, careful not to touch her, just as Mike's mom kneeled before her son's bed. She had something in her hands, and the girl easily recognized the thermometer.

"Open up," Said the woman, and Eleven suppressed a sigh when

Mike, slowly but surely, opened his eyelids. He was sick, a completely reasonable reason for his lack of communication, and probably the origin of her constant worry since she had woken up. Mrs. Wheeler put the small device inside her son's mouth, and the trio waited patiently for a couple of minutes for it to work. "Looks like someone is not going to school tomorrow." Said the woman in a stern tone as she took a look at the thermometer, however she quickly kissed Mike's forehead and cupped his cheek. "I'll bring some medicine. We have to reduce that fever of yours." Eleven couldn't help but smile at the motherly gesture, and moved aside once again as Mrs. Wheeler attempted to leave the room, however she soon returned to her son's side when the boy began getting up from the bed.

"No, no, no." She exclaimed, trying to put the boy back into the warmth of the covers.

"I'm just going to the basement to get something," His voice was a little scratchy, and Eleven stopped breathing for a moment.

"Whatever it is can wait till morning" Answered Mrs. Wheeler, blocking the path to the door.

"I'll be fast, I promise." Continued the boy, trying to move past her mother, who, of course, didn't budge. "Mom, please." He asked once more, and Eleven tried not to laugh at his perfectly rehearsed puppy face.

Mrs. Wheeler groaned, throwing her arms up in the air. "Fine! I'll go get it for you, alright?" Mike smiled and nodded, his tired eyes sparkling just a bit. "Just stay put. Bed, now."

"It's my Walkie Talkie," Said the boy, who was now lying down and covered in covers. Eleven saw Mrs. Wheeler roll her eyes, muttering something she couldn't quite understand and leaving the room.

Of course it was the Walkie, and Eleven sighed as she moved closer to Mike. She wanted to tell him that it was OK, that he had to rest. No need to talk to her, she understood. But of course, that couldn't happen and a few minutes later Mike found himself sitting a little bit straighter, the radio in his hand. Mrs. Wheeler had given it to him

with a small warning of not talking too much with his friends, and he had promised that it would only be a minute, gaining himself some privacy as she closed the door behind her.

Eleven turned her attention towards Mike as he slowly put the speaker against his lips, and as always the girl waited in agonizing anticipation for the words that would soon come out of his mouth.

"Hey El," He began, his usual greeting familiar to her ears. "Uhm, sorry for taking too long to call." He bites his lower lip and looks down at his lap. Eleven shakes her head, a smile adorning her face. "It's day 281, and it's..." Mike takes a quick look at his wrist watch, chuckles a little before continuing, "It's 11:15, I didn't forget to call, I just came down with a fever. Nothing serious, probably just a cold." He quickly assures her, and El appreciates his need to make her feel calm. "I used to love getting sick, y'know," He continues, "It was a great reason to stay in bed, watching movies and stuff..."

He sighs, and Eleven is quick to notice his change in behavior, he was sick but in good spirits just a moment ago, but now he seemed infinitely tired.

"I miss you," He blurts out, and it's not the first time he's said it, but it seems different now. Maybe it's because of the way he looks, with his eyes half closed and his red cheeks, or maybe it's the way he said it, in a longing whisper, but El had to use all the strength within her to stop herself from throwing her arms around him.

"I miss you, too," Sobbed the girl, knowing full well that he wouldn't hear her, but trying to transmit her feelings through the strange place that was The Void. "Miss you, so much."

He closed his eyes, bringing his Walkie closer to his mouth. "El, please, if you're OK just give me a sign. Anything, I promise I won't tell anyone." He's begging, and it breaks her heart in half. She's also heard those words so many times before, and Hopper's warning used to stop her from acting, always reminding her what could be at risk if she made her presence clear. But she can't do this to Mike anymore. It hurt too much, for both of them.

"Please."

She quickly gets up, looking around the not existent room. If she wants to give him a sign she needs to concentrate. And she does, she tries to remember Mike's room. The furniture, the closet, his wall full of posters and the trophies on top of the shelf. She feels the energy run from the base of her spine to the top of her head, and in an instant there's not just a bed with a boy in front of her anymore, she can see more. For a moment her mind tricks her, and she feels like she's in the Wheeler's home. But the illusion doesn't last long, because there's still darkness around her, and she realizes that she's getting tired, her time inside The Void is running out.

But she doesn't care, because she feels free, because she's going to do it. Her eyes land on the small toys that Mike keeps close to his bed, and she quickly recognizes the green little man. "Yoda" She says, remembering the name of the figurine, as if it had been yesterday when Mike had told her that they both had mind powers.

With a quick gesture of her hand, and a command from her mind, Eleven throws the toy across the room, being careful enough not to break it. And she gets the exact reaction she has hoping for. Mike's head snaps up so quickly that she swears she hears it crack. His eyes, tired and sleepy just a moment ago, are wide open as he looks around the room and back to his Yoda figurine.

"Eleven!" And his voice, *his voice*, Eleven doesn't care if Hopper finds out about this, because the way he says her name, in amazement and wonder, with a touch of hope, is enough to take her to cloud nine. She laughs and watches as he quickly fumbles with his Walkie, trying to press the button that allows communication, but cursing his shaky hands. "Eleven?" He finally manages to say, eyes still looking around the room, and then... they land on her. The smile fades off her face, it's not possible, he can't see her. She knows he can't. But... maybe.

"Thank you."

And he looks down, breaking the illusion. Eleven lets out a breath she hadn't realized she'd been holding, and nods.

And then it's over, Mrs. Wheeler enters the room and Eleven doesn't move in time to avoid touching her. She watches as her friend, and everything that surrounds him turns into smoke, but she has never



felt this happy and satisfied before.

She takes off her blindfold, a dopey smile adorning her lips.

"So, how did it go?"

She looks up to find Hopper in his pajamas. He's eating a sandwich, and it's obvious that she stayed in The Void far longer than usual, but he doesn't seem mad, in fact, he's watching her curiously.

"He's sick." She quickly replies, getting up from her sitting position and stretching her muscles. "Fever."

"Ah," Exclaims Hopper, nodding as if he had already known it, "Yeah, summer flu. It's quite common around this time of the year."

She smiles as she wipes her nose. She feels lighter, happier. Full of energy, even though she had used a lot in the last few minutes. She looks around the room and spots the video tape that Hopper had brought home.

"Yes, we can watch Jaws." Says the Chief, noticing her change in behavior and not wanting it to end.

"Scariest movie of the decade?" Asks Eleven, turning on the TV. Dreamy smile still in place.

"I'm telling you, kid, there's nothing better than murderous sharks."

They settle on the couch, and Eleven, for the first time in months, feels like she can breathe again. The light of the screen reflects on her eyes, she tries to pay attention to the movie, but her mind is somewhere else, only this time around it's not unpleasant.

"Soon." She says, and Hopper knows her well enough to understand. He takes her hand in his and gives it a gentle squeeze.

"Soon." He replies, and for now, that's enough for her.

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So, how did you like it? I've always wanted El to play nurse when Mike gets sick, or viceversa. :D I actually have a little sequel in mind

for this fanfic, but I want to see how people like the idea first!

Thank you so much for reading!